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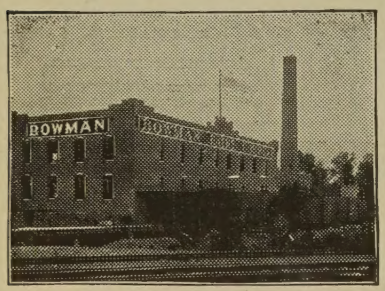

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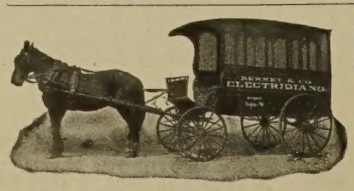

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VOLUME LXII . THURSDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1908 NUMBER 7

Truth must be ground for every man by himself out of its husk, with such help as he can get indeed, but not without stern labor of his own. —Ruskin.

The officers of the Referendum League, with headquarters at 69 Dearborn street, have issued an appeal to the voters to see to it that the forthcoming legislature be composed of men who are alive to the great value of the initiative and referendum method of legislation. The examples of Maine and Oregon are cited, and it is hoped that Illinois will not be tardy in falling into the line of states, which it is hoped will speedily grow.

The Rev. F. B. Mott, the American Unitarian minister who for the last few years has been pastor of the Unitarian church at Cardiff, Wales, is in a fair way of making a place for himself as a successful novelist. His last novel, "God in SanDam," is said by the *Christian Life* to be a "novel likely to live in the memory of the reader for life. Its characters are real living creatures, and the book from beginning to end is completely captivating." We hope the story will find its way across the water and that some of our UNITY readers will tell us more about it.

The Buddhist Society of Great Britain and Ireland now has a membership of about one hundred and fifty, with Prof. Rhys Davids, the great Buddhist scholar, as president. An Indian missionary, Ananda Maitteyya, is at work in behalf of the society in England and looks very confidently to the time when Buddhism in its primal purity and power will become "the only religion of the West." The faith of the missionaries, whether they go east or west, is touching. Perhaps this over-confidence is necessary in order to sustain them in their benignant tasks.

Dr. Hirsch, in the *Reform Advocate* under the title of "The Striking Example," introduces the annual feast of the Jews, the Day of Atonement and attendant ceremonies, with words of deep significance, to those not of Jewish descent, physically speaking. Spiritually speaking, all Christendom are children of Jewish fore-elders. He says:

"Religious symbols must be spontaneous to be vital."

"All poetry is lost on an absent congregation. . . . Joy cannot be made to order. Nor can poetry. . . . They are doomed to be without voice among a generation who require a painful course in archeology as preliminary to the faintest apprehension of the strange custom's possible poetic value. . . . To insist that dead institutions be galvanized is detrimental to others that are still potential of life."

Some friend has sent us a clipping from a country newspaper down state which contains the protest of a democrat who is "going to vote against the republican party" November 3, against the appeal to theological prejudice on the part of some who would oppose Mr. Taft on account of his Unitarian church affiliations. This brother well says that "one cannot well concoct a more injurious political element than a liberal mixture of partisan politics and religious bigotry." He says:

"Sectional and partisan prejudice has done great harm in the past, but religious bigotry can and will, if cultivated and encouraged, do still greater harm. Therefore, let us 'boycott' it, let us muster it out of service, send it to the rear and keep it there. Bigotry had no part in the teachings of the Savior of mankind, nor should it have part in politics or religion now or in the future. When we reach the age of comprehension and responsibility we have moral, social, political and religious duties resting upon us, and if we fulfill these duties to the best of our understanding and ability, it will not matter in the least what church we belong to. Reward due for loyal and faithful service rendered will be certain to reach and bless us here and in the hereafter."

An "Antiquary" reports in the *Christian Life* (London) his recent visit to Flushing, Cornwall, where, alongside of the lofty Cornish cross that is said to mark the grave of St. Mylor, the Celto-British martyr who suffered his death at the hands of the heathen Teutons 1500 years ago, he found the grave of a local naval commander who, after capturing a slave-ship, fell a victim to the infection of the fever that had been raging in its stifling depths among the poor Africans he had delivered. Not far from this grave is found the following inscription:

"In memory of Thomas James, aged thirty-five years, who, on the evening of December 7, 1814, on his return to Flushing in a boat, was shot by a custom-house officer, and expired in a few hours.

"Officious zeal in luckless hour laid wait,
And willful sent the murderous ball of fate.
James to his home—which late in health he left—
Wounded returns, of life is soon bereft."

Not far from this is the grave of Joseph Crappship, who is reported as having died in 1770 at the age of forty-three, and the method of his going hence is fully set forth on the tombstone, the stone-cutter having unfortunately left out the very necessary "r" in the second word of the first line:

Alas, Fiend Joseph!
His end were all most sudden,
As though the mandate came
Express from Heaven.
His foot, it slip; and he did fall.
"Help, help," he cries. And that was all.

This reminds the "Antiquary" of the inscription on a child's grave at another place:

Alas, how soon I was cut down!
While in a street, at play,
The wind it blew a ladder down
And took my life away.

We wish the newspaper world would take note once in a while of the editorial columns of the *Boston Transcript* and other journals which are able to break through the sentimental glamour that republican, democratic, scientific America, still gathers around a "Navy!" and the "Army!" In a recent issue the *Transcript* neatly pricks an elegant sentence of Doctor Gordon who is not often caught dealing in such vapid stuff. We suspect the sermon in question had good stuff enough in it to over-lay if not over-come this out-grown twaddle. This is the sentence: "A great ironclad is a thundering poem on the safety and sanctity of the high seas." Upon this sentence the *Transcript* comments:

"The truth is that the chief business of the navies of the various nations, Spain, England and the rest, in the early days of navies, was little other than piracy; and today's thundering ironclads have nothing whatever to do with pirates. . . . The English Dreadnought is not built to scare pirates, however trained, but to match the German Dreadnought; and so of things nearer home. Perhaps the English and German jingoes, and the American and Japanese jingoes, would call each other pirates; no name for the fellow on the other side is too hard when blood is up. But that is another story from that of the Good Samaritan."

The day before, the *Transcript* paid its respects to "The Hobson Tom-Tom," from which we gather that the valiant "Captain" had recently tried to scare an audience at Faneuil Hall over the big Japanese war that is imminent. Says the *Transcript:*

"When Captain Hobson declares excitedly that 'the Japs have made plans for a war with us already,' he indulges in utterly groundless talk; he is in no position to know anything of the kind, and every sensible man knows it is absurd. . . . But it is a waste of time to answer Captain Hobson in detail. . . . He is a discredited mischief-maker, who we could almost wish were locked up, for many insane men much less mischievous than he are not permitted to be at large. But he is at large, and he will talk, and there are plenty to listen, and to scare them till they are 'creepy' and frenzied in his meat and drink. Unhappily some of them can vote; and so again and again at election time he must be dealt with anew. It is a pity that it should have been made necessary in Boston."

Every once in a while there comes a cry from the commercial world in Chicago that certain agitations, economic regulations and insistence on humanitarian regulations have driven away a desirable industry. Chicago is often warned that it is "driving away capital." The fact that some great print house or factory has moved out as far as Elgin, Rockford or over the line into Wisconsin, where there is better air, more room for children to play and for working men and women also to have a playtime in their gardens, is looked upon as a municipal calamity. We rejoice in such removals. But these alarmists are not so sensitive when a live man, a creative brain and a reconstructive conscience is removed. Chicago has a sorry tale of lost wealth in this direction. UNITY during its thirty years of existence has often had occasion to lament the removal of men who have left Chicago, to its great loss. To this sad and long list of "lost" men must be added the name of Rev. W. B. Thorp, recent pastor of the South Congregational Church. Mr. Thorp, during his eight years' stay in Chicago, has been an insistent force in city problems. He has been an alert student of economic, civic and religious questions; he has believed in progress and consequently has not been afraid of the changes that are inevitable, and has heroically grappled with the work of the reconstruction of theology and the reorganization of churches along these high lines. But what has been Chicago's loss is San Diego's gain, and UNITY sends over the mountains its congratulations to the people who dwell up and down the coast, and its continued fellowship to our fellow laborer. We hope Mr. Thorp will allow us to retain his name on our editorial staff, and that we may be able to hear from him from time to time. We have on our desk his last sermon delivered to his people, and as soon as the crowded pages of UNITY permit, our readers will have the pleasure of reading it. After all, Lake Michigan is not so far away from the Pacific; San Diego is but a suburb of Chicago, and there has been no loss anywhere.

Of the making of anthologies and books of selections there is no end. Most books of selections are a disappointment. No matter how skillful the selection or pertinent the center around which the selections are made, the plain fact remains that people do not go to books of selections. Those who are not in love with literature naturally avoid them; those who do love literature prefer to go to the fountain heads. But we are inclined to believe that these prejudices and preferences will be laid aside in regard to the book before us,—"Heroes and Greathearts and Their Animal Friends." John T. Dale, a busy Chicago lawyer, has been long and well known as a tireless worker on humane lines, an active member of national, state and city organizations, that seek to protect the weak and to befriend the friendless. As chairman of the committee on humane education in the Illinois Humane Society, he gave himself to this task of collecting in one volume, of comely print and reasonable price, such classic selections in poetry and prose as would impress the young with their kinship in furs and feathers, the little folks of nature. The result is a book of three hundred pages, illuminated with portraits and pictures that enforce the text. Child-like, we turn the pages to see the pictures first, of which there are half a hundred. Among the faces that look out upon us from this book are those of Burns, the Brownings, Bryant, Dickens, Longfellow, Robert Louis Stevenson, Whittier and others of the literary world, Agassiz and Audubon of the scientific,

Grant, Lee, Gladstone, Lincoln and others from the world of the strenuous life, Mayer von Bremen's delightful "The Truant Bird," Landseer and his friends, Grace Darling in her boat, Deiker's St. Bernard Dogs, and other works from art. It is impossible to give within the limits of this paragraph an idea of the variety and classic excellence of the selections. Many of them indeed are old friends; so much the better. We can only say that here the dog, cat and bird, the horse and butterfly, are befriended and glorified by the poets and the heroes of literature, and their words are enforced by happy incidents and stories snatched from real life and obscure sources, not overdone. It is a book from which mothers should do much reading to their children; a book that public school teachers, who are staggered with "Nature Study" requirements, will find equally to their help. It is a hand book for bands of mercy and similar societies. We congratulate our friend Dale over an admirable piece of work and regret that this word of greeting has been too long delayed. The book carries the imprint of Fairfax Publishing Company, 80 Wabash avenue, Chicago.

New Impulse to the Peace Cause in Chicago.

The American Peace Society, which we are glad to know is receiving more generous financial support than ever before, is strengthening its work in many important and promising ways, organizing new branches in various states with a view to local Peace Congresses and other activities, and enlisting the practical coöperation of religious and educational institutions in all parts of the country. Its regular active force has been strengthened by the addition to Dr. Trueblood and Mr. Tryon and their assistants at the central office in Boston of Rev. Charles E. Beals as special field secretary. Mr. Beals is one of the ablest and most influential of the younger Congregational ministers of New England. He has been the pastor for seven years of the Prospect Street church in Cambridge, one of the leading Congregational churches in the vicinity of Boston. But his sense of the paramount claims today of the cause of peace and better international organization, in which cause he has long rendered eminent service, has become so commanding that he has now given himself entirely to its service. Since returning in August from the London Peace Congress he has spent his time largely in New Jersey, and as a result of his work there a New Jersey branch of the Peace Society is being established, and a Peace Congress at Trenton is being planned for next year, of which Woodrow Wilson, who is deeply interested in the movement, will act as president. Mr. Beals is spending the present month in the large cities and college towns of Ohio; and on the first of November he is coming to Chicago to stay for at least two or three months, to speak in our churches, to enlist the warmer interest of our press, to address any meetings that want him, and especially to help the friends here to perfect a strong organization.

Half a dozen years ago we had a little Chicago Peace Society, with Dr. Thomas as its president, and an International Arbitration Society, of which President James was the head. But Dr. Thomas' ill health and President James' removal to Champaign meant practically the disappearance of those societies. During the last visit of Mr. and Mrs. Edwin D. Mead to Chicago, a new impulse was given to the interest here, and the stirring meeting then held at Hull House ought to have borne fruit before now. The trouble has been the lack of time on the part of those having the cause most at heart to give to the necessary details of organization. But the interest in the cause was never so deep nor so widespread in Chicago as today and the coming of Mr. Beals at this time with his splendid enthusiasm, for the express purpose of lending a hand, is most auspicious. New York in the last two years has founded a magnificent Peace Society, which already has nearly a thousand members and which did the chief work that carried the great National Peace Congress at Carnegie Hall, in the spring of last year, to its magnificent success. The Congress itself did even more for the Society than the Society did for the Congress. There is never anything so good for a new society of any kind as a great task to get its muscle up. Rabbi Hirsch, who took prominent part in the New York Congress, and many others felt that nothing could serve the peace cause more than just such a great Congress in Chicago; and if Mr. Beals' coming to us at this time proves the beginning of an organizing work that shall eventuate in a National Peace Congress in Chicago next spring, it will certainly be a blessing. Chicago needs that blessing; and we think that Mr. Beals and those behind him are entirely right in feeling that no other city in the country now without a fitting peace organization can bless the country so much as Chicago when once the great sum total of its unorganized devotion to this commanding cause of international law and order is well harnessed. It is the capital of the West. Here are the most influential newspapers outside of New York; and here the controlling religious and educational agencies have their centre. All of them should be definitely enlisted in the war against war, which it has been well said is the commanding cause of our time, as the war against slavery was of the time before. Nothing is more hopeful, nor more necessary, than the present steps toward larger and more efficient organization of this work in America. Chicago ought to have lent a strong hand long ago. The time has now come for her to place herself abreast of Boston, New York and Philadelphia in the work. Unity promised Mr. Beals its best offices in helping him reach the ear of Chicago; and we are sure that all our good friends will do the same.

A Bunch of Magazines

Unity has often warned its readers against the tyranny and incident dissipation of the magazine. It is much better to read a few books than to read reviews of many. Strength of mind comes to those who go as near as may be to the fountain heads. Most of what is absolutely valuable and indispensable in magazines will sooner or later find its way into the books, and it is an economy of time on the part of the busy reader to wait and see what is worth while. With this caution in mind, one who is interested in current events and who feels the responsibility of modern issues cannot with impunity wholly ignore the October output. For instance, the discussion of alcohol and the individual, with the attendant editorial on the present saloon-keeper ruler of American cities, in the *McClure* magazine; the apparently cold-blooded but by no means unprofitable or unkind dissections of woman by Prof. W. I. Thomas, and the charming but equally impressive and prophetic account of Kate Barnard, the Jane Addams of Oklahoma, in the *American* magazine. The same is true of the masterful analysis of Eugene V. Debs' personality and message, in *Everybody's* magazine.

One cannot get too much of Tolstoy, perhaps the most unique and persuasive personality now living on the footstool. The glimpses given of him at eighty in the *Review of Reviews* are attractive. Still more valuable is the discussion of "What Tolstoy Means to America," in *Current Literature*. This magazine also commands attention in its account of the signal triumphs of H. O. Tanner, the "Afro-American painter who has become famous in Paris." The Religion and Ethics department in this magazine has a significant discussion of "Has Spiritualism Made Good Its Claim?", Harnack's Growing Conservatism, the Present Status of the Modernists' Controversy, the Last Days of the great Revivalist. Here also are found hints of the coming Esperanto battles that will fill the magazines before the end of the year when the great Esperanto Congress will be convened in the United States.

Among the quarterlies, the *International Journal of Ethics* contains a posthumous article on Savonarola by the late lamented and brilliant Thomas Davidson, an essay that will surely ultimately find a more lasting form. Among the books noticed are John A. Hobson's "The Problem of the Unemployed," Frederick Harrison's "The Philosophy of Common Sense," E. A. Ross's "Sins and Society," and J. C. Oman's "The Brahmans, Theists and Muslims of India."

The American Journal of Sociology always contains matter not obtainable elsewhere. "Old Age Pensions," "Industrial Insurance," and the "Minnesota System of the Management of Public, Charitable and Correctional Institutions," demand not a reading but study.

Perhaps in the *Political Science Quarterly* we will find the ablest available discussion of "Present American Politics," "The Crisis and Panic of 1907," and "The British Socialist Labor Party."

All the numbers in the *Hibbert Journal* are commanding. A Ceylonese discusses the "Miscarriage of Life in the West," in which to our Eastern friend's eyes—

"Political progress in the West means nothing more than the victories of majorities over minorities in parliament, diet or senate. It does not mean a series of well-chosen measures for the development of righteousness and the expansion of love in the individual. Many of the triumphs of majorities have been abated or suppressed tyranny and other forms of abuse of political power, but who can tell how many blessings have been lost to the world by the defeat of minorities?"

A Chinese statesman's view of religion is given in this journal by one who was late a member of the Bengal Civil Service in which the Englishman found "curious resemblance between the opinions held by this Chinaman and some of Goethe's." In this issue Miss Caroline Steven comes to the rescue of pain as one minister of God. This, in the face of certain tendencies not to ameliorate but to ignore, not to relieve but to deny suffering, is a timely discussion.

By the way, is it not time that some of the American publications mentioned above should follow the altogether sensible and convenient American style which has been adopted by this English journal, of cutting the leaves and presenting to the hurried reader an open and available page? The uncut leaves and untrimmed margins is an affectation on the part of the modern magazine maker, at least. The deckled edge and the questionable luxury of cutting pages as you go may be justified for a certain limited kind of books, but for the magazine and quarterly that are to be gleaned and then for the most part discarded, it is an excess of estheticism, or something else. While the machine is handy, please cut our pages for us before you send them out of the shop.

An Evening Prayer

Tonight I lay the burden by,
As one who rests beside the road,
And from his wearied back unbinds
The whelming load.

I kneel by hidden pools of prayer—
Still waters fraught with healing power;
In God's green pastures I abide
This longed-for hour.

I know that day must bid me face
Courageously my task again,
Serving with steady hand and heart
My fellowmen.

To hold my sorrow in the dark,
To fight my fear, to hide my pain,
And never for one hour to dream
The toil is vain—

This be tomorrow; now, tonight,
Great, pitying Father, I would be
Forgiven, uplifted, loved, renewed,
Alone with Thee.

—*Grace Duffield Goodwin.*

The International Guild of Health

Man has a twofold nature, that of body and of mind; hence he lives a dual life. On the sense side he is related to the material; sees, hears, feels, suffers and enjoys; on the mind or soul side, he thinks, reasons, imagines, perceives the qualities of the moral, of good and evil.

The unaided senses are limited; the sense world is comparatively small, but it is very near and important. It relates man consciously to the material, to that which feeds and clothes the body, and to the relations of labor and business in which the qualities of the mind come into practical use.

This is the actual world; but over against it and flowing into it, is the ideal world in which the things of sense come under the power of thought, of reason; and only in this way can the larger facts of the sense world and their higher meanings and uses be known.

Looking through the telescope, astronomers tell us that the stars that shine at night are suns with their systems of planets, eighty or a hundred thousand of suns in their places in boundless space. Inventive minds have given us the mighty power of steam and electricity; and the great souls of earth are revealing the larger truths and principles of the rights and duties of man, and the nobler forms of the governments of the free and the religion of love.

The worlds of matter and mind, of sensation and thought, of the Actual and the Ideal, are related; have their places and uses in the larger whole of the universe, the all in the one.

The senses perceive objects as things seen or felt; but to know these objects, they must pass over to the world of mind and be weighed, measured, their forms noted, their qualities analyzed, and in that way the mind forms an intelligent judgment or idea of what they really are; and only in that way. But what do we really know? Do we know things; or only ideas? Let us say we know both; it is through the ideas, if they be correct, that we know the things; to deny the Actual is an exaggerated form of the Ideal; it is dropping out of the best thought. This great old world is a tremendous reality, and to know what it is requires much looking and learning.

Philosophically considered, the different forms or theories of mind cure, mental healing, divine healing, are all Ideal; they belong to the soul-side of being in its relation to the material body. The extreme Idealist denies that we can know things; says we know only our ideas of things; and hence he may deny disease, and affirm health. And if one thinks he is sick and broods over his condition, he is certainly not well; and the new thinking, the denial, though not true, is a valuable factor.

The growth of Christian Science is phenomenal; it is spreading all over our country, and its appeal is largely to the common people, and somehow the minds not trained in the schools accept its abstract teachings and come into the joy of its higher life. And in this we all rejoice. Mrs. Eddy is a noble, sincere and strong woman, and is doing a noble work; but her thinking is not acceptable to all minds and cannot become universal. And yet, the real thinkers of our world feel that the final truths—facts of the real—are to be found in the Ideal; and the greatest results are to be attained in its proper relations to and working with the Actual.

This is the latest great and noble purpose and proposed work of "The International Health Guild." The plan of things means health; the vegetable kingdom is not sick; the wild animal world is well and strong; but man, the highest of all, suffers from many forms of disease; everywhere are hospitals for the sick, and many sick are in the homes. Indeed, the numbers of those who are perfectly well are comparatively small.

Allopathy, homeopathy and hydropathy have worked hard and doubtless have done much good; but still there is the uncomfortable, the distressing fact that so many are suffering and so few perfectly well. And in our time has come this larger inspiration from the thought or soul-side in the forms of the mind-cure, the faith-cure, the prayer-cure and divine healing; and looking at the subject in a large way, we should gladly say there is good in all.

An "International Health Guild" will not antagonize any of these theories or forms of healing; it will look at all sides of the great questions of body and mind, matter and spirit, but it will not be a metaphysical debating society, but a practical working organization for the universal good, to heal the sick and make this a world of health. It will accentuate the higher soul-side of being and man's relations to the divine; and will also just as readily admit the facts of the material, of the diseases of the body, as physical realities. It recognizes the difference between organic and functional diseases; every one coming for treatment must be examined by a skillful physician; for those with organic affections there will be a tender and prayerful sympathy and such help as may be possible, but no promise to cure. But the larger number of cases, two-thirds or more, are functional and largely of the nervous system, forms of disease most amenable to mental and spiritual healing.

The meaning and possibilities of this "International Health Guild" are very great. Philosophically, it is a noble effort to take the largest common sense view of the real facts of our wonderful world and life; practically, socially, it is to put these facts in the best possible working form. It means a new and larger life for all who enter into its spirit and work; it opens a new and large door for the churches, for a more practical religion in doing good. It emphasizes "Right Living," obedience to the laws of nature as the laws of God, and will publish a strong, helpful literature. We all know and love dear Bishop Fallows; associated with him in this new and large field are a number of the leading professors from our best universities. The plan is to establish societies for teaching and healing as the way may open. But O the work it all means; but it will be glad and happy work to see a suffering world coming into the great new life and joy of health. And it will mean a dearer consciousness of the life of God in the soul of man.

H. W. Thomas.

De Funiak Springs, Fla.

Old Mothers

I love old mothers—mothers with white hair,
And kindly eyes, and lips grown softly sweet
With murmured blessings over sleeping babes.
There is a something in their quiet grace
That speaks the calm of Sabbath afternoons;
A knowledge in their deep, unfaltering eyes
That far outreaches all philosophy.
Time, with caressing touch, about them weaves
The silver-threaded fairy-shawl of age,
While all the echoes of forgotten songs
Seem joined to lend a sweetness to their speech.
Old mothers! as they pass with slow-timed step,
Their trembling hands cling gently to youth's strength;
Sweet mothers! as they pass, one sees again
Old garden-walks, old roses, and old loves.

—*The Century.*

THE PULPIT

The Perplexities of An Independent Voter

What Presidential Candidate Are You Going to Vote For?

SERMON PREACHED BY JENKIN LLOYD JONES AT ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE, OCTOBER 11, 1908.

"Alas for the minister who ventures to carry politics into the pulpit!" Yes, but many times more must we say, Alas for the minister who keeps politics out of his pulpit! Politics represents civilized man's attempt at a common life, man's effort to coöperate for mutual benefit. Politics is the method of the social unity, and the pulpit that is not alive to the interests of the commonwealth, the church that is not for the state as well as in the state, falls promptly into imbecility and soon becomes an obstruction and a hindrance. Religion cannot be divorced from the daily strain and struggle of life and live.

But I need waste no time in discussing the relation of this preacher to politics or the attitude of this church to political issues. I but follow the long since established precedent of this pulpit in speaking, as best it may, such word of religious emphasis and ethical interpretation as may be given it to speak in times of great political agitation and in the presence of great civic issues. Rightly or otherwise I have claimed and you have generously granted the right to deliver at such times such message of warning or encouragement as is given me. Nay, I am not here to exercise a *right* but to discharge what seems to me a solemn *duty*, a high *obligation*. The true relation of minister and people, as I understand it, is not that of employe to employer; I am not your hired man to reflect your convictions, no, not even to minister to your own needs or to save you or yours from any present or future hell, except insofar as your interests are identical with the interests of the community and your salvation makes for the salvation of the state.

For over a quarter of a century you have granted me the high privilege of working with you in the delicate task of uplifting this community, of guiding and training the young, inspiring, instructing and, when need be, rebuking the strong in middle age, and comforting and strengthening the aged, and ennobling our own lives thereby.

Our conception of the relation of the minister to the people is that of partners in a common work which is best advanced by recognizing the full freedom of each, all to discharge their duties in their own way, to seek light from whatever source it may come, and to find the final word for conduct in the sanctities of one's own soul, the dictates of one's own reason and the decrees of one's own conscience.

In standing for the right of the pulpit to speak as it is moved to do, not simply of the life of the past or of the life to come, but of the hard and high problems of the present, the question of the hour, it goes without saying that I must stand at the same time for your right to listen, to accept and to reject, to deny or to affirm, as it seemeth wise and right to you. A free pulpit involves free pews, and if our harmonious life together for a quarter of a century proves anything it proves that in All Souls church there is liberty enough to go all around; that the right to differ from the pulpit has been exercised as freely and perhaps as courteously and generously as the pulpit has exercised its right to speak and to criticise.

We are facing another high and severe test of democracy; we are in the midst of a serious, solemn campaign. A presidential election in a great republic catches democracy in its severest strain. At such an election the people are submitted to the highest tests, and I can conceive of no more religious exercise, no higher spiritual service, no greater function of the church, than the attempt to lift the problems out of the noise, the slang and abuse that too much obtain on the stump and in the columns of the week-day press, into the quieter, calmer, serener atmosphere of the temple. Here on Sunday let us invoke the sobriety, the justice and the prayerful openness which it is so hard to maintain at the hustings.

Whatever the paramount issues of this campaign may be they are not to be settled by the cartoonist or the partisan spell-binder who is more or less deliberately blind to the virtues of the opposing parties, and as blind to the vices of his own. Let us call for a change of venue from that court where the Merry-Andrew and the pugilist exhibit their arts before the jury, to the one where the philosopher, the poet and the prophet should present the case.

Here on Sunday and at the church we should at least take note of the fact that it is beneath the dignity of a great nation to delight in or even to permit the low methods of the pettifogger who tries to read small the motives and powers of the antagonist. Here today we will try to give ante-mortem recognition to the truth to which all parties will hasten to give post-mortem emphasis. Why must a man who is lifted into public notice wait until he is dead before he is given credit for the obvious virtues, the sincerities and abilities which his neighbors would have gladly accorded him in life had he remained in obscurity?

So far as the leading candidates are concerned, I believe, and the American public believes, in its quiet moments of sincere thinking, that both Mr. Taft and Mr. Bryan are gentlemen of great ability, worthy the conspicuousness into which they have been thrust by a discriminating public. Mr. Taft has come to his candidacy through a long, honorable and varied service to the state, in every one of which he has shown himself a competent, conscientious and efficient man. To Mr. Bryan it has not been given to prove his strength by much public service, but history will record with pride and gratitude that through twelve years of political fluctuations, partisan animosities, and the oftentimes unholy jealousies and antagonisms of rivals, and all the time through the ridicule, contempt and sometimes deliberate misrepresentations of his political enemies, he has held not only the confidence but the love and enthusiasm of the right-minded public. His honorable critics have long since ceased to impugn his motives or to try to dispose of him by mere caricature and contempt. Of Bryan it may be said, as of Taft, that he is not only a better, stronger, sweeter, nobler man than his enemies admit, but also than many of his friends are able to understand.

Let us, then, in the name of religion, deplore this lowering of the ideals, this brutal marring of the courtesies, this wicked injustice of press and platform which make themselves busy in maligning the motives of noble men, in reading small the purposes of high souls, and discounting the integrities of honest men. By so doing they "cheapen the moral currency," to borrow a phrase from George Eliot; they pervert the judgment and weaken the moral fiber of our youths. If there were no other reason for prolonging the term of the presidency, this would be adequate and conclusive, that it would make less frequent this mud-bath of the nation, this periodical debauching of the

courtesies and brutalizing of the sympathies of the rising generation by teaching them to scoff where they ought to admire, to ridicule what they ought to respect, to visit with flippant contempt and idle humor those to whom they ought to be deferential. Patriotism is distinguished from partisanship in no way more effectively than by the purity of speech and dignity of utterance, by means of which ideas are conveyed. The political slang, the vulgar cartoon, and the persistent attempt of small minds and youthful spirits to reduce the campaign to a joke and the hustings to revelry, inevitably bargain for degeneracy in a nation. Such things blunt the sensibilities, confuse the judgment and breed the thing they rail against, viz., self-seeking ambitions, sordid greed, graft and corruption in politics. It goes without saying everywhere but in politics that no honest and honorable citizen will hurl epithets and insinuations against a man while that man is alive which he confesses in the secret chambers of his soul to be false and which he will promptly take back and deny when that man is dead. There can be no more grewsome reproach thrown against American politics than that its political campaigns coarsen the public standards of good English and good morals, to say nothing of good reasoning and fair dealing in the presence of grave issues. Let us set our faces against this debauching of public tastes and social decencies of press and platform during a political campaign. Slang is allied to profanity, sneers lead to cynicism, caricatures to libels, prejudices and contempt lead directly to mob violence and the serious outlawry of chicanery, subtle graft and illicit voting on election day.

This, then, is the first contribution of this pulpit to current politics. The presidential candidates, all of them, are better men than their opponents are willing to admit, aye, better men than their friends appreciate, oftentimes. They are above and not beneath large sections of their constituencies. There is nothing sadder to the true patriot than to see bad men hurrahing for noble ones, cheap politicians trying to advance their own interests or to hold their waning strength in the public estimation by championing nobler men.

The other lesson follows logically. These men are handicapped by pitiful entanglements. Their party environment is worse than the stump admits. Both Mr. Taft and Mr. Bryan may well, and I have no doubt but that in the privacy of the closet they do, sincerely pray to be delivered from the hands of their friends.

This low entanglement of good men is evidenced, first, by the strange bed-fellows they are compelled to consort with, the corrupt and corrupting "bosses," the venial wire-pullers, the blatant hucksters of unwary voters, those who have crawled into place or position or party influence not by virtue of their merits but of their demerits; the men who have grown rich in office—you know them—and it is not fitting at this time and place to use names. You know that of these men who have prostituted public office for private gain, who have used the time and money of the public for the perpetuation of their own domination and that of their party, no one party holds the humiliating monopoly. To undertake to establish invidious comparisons between the disreputable bosses, the leaders in the second file, is for pot to call kettle black.

It is the perplexity of the independents to account for the apparent consent of both Mr. Bryan and Mr. Taft to go hobnobbing with men who, in their private morals and public standards, must be repugnant to them; men whom they would not care to invite to their own tables or to introduce to their wives and children; men whose well established records in public life are at fearful odds with their own practice and pretension.

This painful paradox in the present campaign is accounted for only by the mystical appeal to "practical politics"; without this catering to the "boys," without this backdoor connection with the tricky and the corrupt, without this friendship with Mammon, success in politics is said to be impossible. All this is justified by the old corrupting logic which came near wrecking the noblest organization ever achieved by man, the parent Church in Christendom, by what is known as Jesuitism—the doing evil that good may come, the winking at corruption that success may be achieved.

The inferior entanglements of these superior men are testified to, again, by the way the second highest office in the command of the American people; a position altogether honorable and which ever stands within one breath,—and how uncertain a thing is a human breath,—of the highest responsibilities the nation has to bestow, has gone begging among the vote-getters and partisan wire-pullers, tossed back and forth like a tennis ball as though it were a reproach, and has been used as a sop to reassure the cheaper and narrower elements in the party that the party does not take seriously the high standards indicated by their standard bearers.

The same truckling to the lower elements, the same catering to the prejudices and the expediencies of today is manifest to the thoughtful in the vapid evasions of the so-called platforms of both parties, the absence of heroic commitment to great causes.

So the perplexity of the independent voter is not the choice between the standard bearers, either one of whom might well command our respect and confidence, but how to rebuke these low levels, how to escape from the devitalizing arguments that seek to lure the United States to its destruction by the false lights of "prosperity" and "success" by the will-o'-the-wisp that leads the soul away from its ideals, diverts the gaze of the voters from the everlasting stars of principle and leads them to chase after some *ignis fatuus,* some false light of success. Prosperity is good, commercial activity is fine; the economic conditions that keep the shops open, the spindles going and the lathes busy are desirable, very desirable; but these conditions as a measure of truth, as a guarantee of righteousness or a pledge of democratic continuity and republican permanence and domination are a delusion and a snare. A "full dinner pail" is a desirable thing, but as a political argument, as a measure of statesmanship, it is the cheapest and most deceptive lure possible. "Prosperity" as measured by bank deposits, "prosperity" estimated by the earnings of railroads, the extravagances of American tourists in foreign countries, the aggregates of the automobile trade, the patronage of golf links, may mean not only political degradation, national calamity, but an amount of personal suffering, of enforced indolence, of hungry women and starving school children that is appalling. It is just as true before election as after that it "takes the breath of the ideal" to "move the masses into a cleaner sty," as Mrs. Browning sang so truthfully many years ago.

The "independent voter" is a phrase which, before the election as after the election, means the free man, the man who owes no allegiance to party or sect, to class or clique, to business or position, not endorsed by his own convictions and sanctioned by his highest

judgment and noblest standards. However one is to vote at the coming election, one thing is evident, that the platforms of the two great contesting parties are flimsy fabrics, not tested by truth and not meant to bear the weight of great issues. It is known that both of them were framed by the "experts" whose study is to satisfy the saint without offending the devil. In ethical affirmation and constructive statesmanship there is but one platform. Both parties have tried to adopt the same thing and the only dispute is as to who has the best right to it. They are like two men overboard battling for their lives in deep water and there is only one plank within reach; they are fighting with one another to see who can secure the plank upon which he is to effect a landing and save his life.

Certainly there are great issues, mighty problems confronting the American people today, but one must look behind the platforms of both the two great parties in order to find one's self at the storm center of modern thought, at the point where democracy is at its greatest strain, and morals and religion have most at stake.

So clear and lofty a writer as Lyman Abbott, in the *Outlook* of October 10, writes over his own name, declaring that, in his opinion, the paramount issue in the present campaign is the promotion of public and private honesty. To quote his own words, "The paramount issue is, Shall we continue to the end of the campaign against political and commercial corruption?" In order to continue this fight Lyman Abbott, editor of the most conspicuous and widely circulated religious journal in America, says, "I am more than willing to postpone all merely political and economic questions until this campaign against corruption is brought to a decisive issue."

Has it come to this, one hundred and thirty-two years after the signing of the Declaration of Independence, after the mighty contests on the battlefields that made and saved the Union, that the United States, the nation of Washington, Sumner, Garrison, Whittier, Lowell, Emerson and Lincoln, must waive all questions of humanity and progress and devote all its powers to the establishing of simple, plain honesty among its citizens, and these citizens the favored ones? Mr. Abbott seems to waive all other questions, civic, ethical and reformatory, and asks only that each of the two great candidates shall carry on this fight against law-breakers, not against the thieves who climb porches, break into houses and blow up safes, but against the organized greed of combined capital. Both parties are enlisted in this war. Mr. Abbott is inclined to consider both sincere in their determination, and his choice turns in favor of the one who in his opinion possesses the strategic advantage, the one who is better able to cope with the subtle forces of corruption; better able, in plain words, to enforce the old-time command of the Decalogue, "Thou shalt not steal." And who are the thieves whose suppression, in the estimation of Mr. Abbott, is the chief business of the next administration and the paramount question to be considered? He does not leave us to guess, but quotes the long list of prosecutions pushed by the present incumbent and the work that is not yet finished.

Surely, it is incumbent upon the American people, come next election day, to do everything in their power to wipe away this awful reproach, if it can only be accomplished by waiving all other questions, turning a deaf ear to all the other claims of humanity and calls for progress. Let the high sacrifice be made; first of all, let us be decently honest.

But, as I conceive it, this battle for honesty cannot be successfully fought by detectives, police officers, courts of justice and special legislation. The power of combined selfishness, organized greed, has proved itself equal to the tasks of not only evading law but of corrupting legislators and legitimatizing by enactment that which is condemned by the common law of God, the unwritten statutes of righteousness. And unless we can carry this war against dishonesty higher than the "courts," beyond the rulings of even the Supreme Court of the United States, there is not much hope for this nation.

One of the last books in the series of "Questions of the Day" from the Putnam press is entitled "Vital American Problems," which the author names as "the Trust Problem," "Freight Rate Problem," "Government Ownership," "the Labor Problem," and the "Negro Problem."

With the exception of the first named problem, that of Trusts, both platforms of the two great parties are significantly silent or studiously ambiguous, but the thinking of the world is along these lines. The agony of the republic does not end when trusts are made to obey the law and wealth is made amenable to regulation. There is much "honestly" gotten gain that disturbs the life of the country; there are great fortunes that are accumulated, not in defiance, but according to law; fortunes that, according to the statutes, are honorably made, and this so-called "honorable wealth" is oftentimes a mighty menace to the growth and happiness of the individual and the peace and prosperity of the state. It is not true that all the wealth that a man or a body of men can with impunity appropriate under their own private control may be rightly devoted to their own private ends and whims. The unmeasured accumulations possible in this day of scientific control of nature's forces, the mighty exploitations of nature's resources, are legitimate and to be desired, "but what are you going to do with it?" is a question as legitimate for the State to ask as "How came you by it?" After all the thieves are dealt with and the boodlers exposed, it still remains possible that under existing municipal, state and national statutes wealth may be distributed so unevenly that the victims of luxury and of penury all suffer side by side in the same ward. Wealth carries with it questions beyond court problems, and the coming President of the United States must be something more than an able, fearless, tireless prosecuting attorney.

I feel with Mr. Abbott the shame and the scandal of the situation in regard to violators of law in high places; I yield to no man in my gratitude to the man or men, whether in office or out of it, in one party or the other, who are pledged to relieve the nation of the awful shame. But over and beyond these problems I see still the great issues of civilization, and only by grappling with these higher issues can we successfully crush under the wheels of progress and leave behind like the dust on the road the venial captains of industry, the mighty combinations of trade, who have circumvented the laws, perverted legislators and corrupted those whose business it is to execute the laws. That such high crimes have been perpetrated against the State it is useless to deny, but to purge the State of these excrescences we must increase its vitality. Parasites thrive only on weak and diseased organisms. The remedy for scab in the barnyard is better feeding. Lice invade the starvelings in the flock. With nations, as with cattle and sheep, the remedy must be constitutional, not local. Better feeding, purer air,

not blisters and poultices, will relieve the victim. Back and beyond questions of police officers and court prosecutions the American people need to fix their attention on great world issues, noble ideals. The voters of the United States today are like sheep without a shepherd, wandering in desert places for want of the leadership that is clothed with the power of great principles and world issues.

Back of the petty questions of economy and the groans of hard times are promises of prosperity. I see the burning issues that call for an organized world, for the disarmament of the nations, justice to the oppressed, to the still despised black man, and freedom to do the best he can in his own way to the weaker brother of the yellow race. I see the forces of passion and fashion in a deadly grapple with the forces of temperance, sobriety and simplicity. The intelligent life has become corporate; individual morality is impossible, or, if achieved, is immoral. The nation, which is nothing more or less than a combination of individuals, the corporate life of the community, must take a hand in the work of ameliorating race prejudices, petty narrowness, social and economic injustice. In other words, politics must become ethical and religion must become political.

The intelligent Independent in politics sees with painful clearness that, malign as have been the law-defying and law-evading combinations of capital on the outside, they have been innocent compared with the more malign combinations of self-seeking officials on the inside. Rascality on Wall Street is harmless compared with rascality in Washington, and if we could purge the latter the former would soon become clean.

Civil Service is still in its swaddling clothes and many of its alleged political friends are oftentimes afraid to see it grow. The small jobs are reasonably well safeguarded, but the big "plums" are still the spoils of office. For instance, the Postoffice Department, that which touches daily the entire life of the community, from the hod carrier to the multimillionaire, is one vast system of political graft. Every postmaster, from the one on the country cross roads to the postmasters of New York and Chicago, are appointed agents of the party in power as well as of the nation. The appointment is considered a legitimate "perquisite" of the party representative in Congress, and a change of administration is expected to be followed with a change of postmasters all the way up and down the line, however worthy and valuable the officials may have proved themselves to the community.

The Independent in politics takes note of all this and wonders whether the divinely appointed housekeepers, the home-making class, must not yet be called in, and if their help must not be invoked before the larger home, the State, can be fittingly cleaned, renovated and set in decent order.

Let him whose conscience in these directions is lulled to sleep by the seductive promise of prosperity, prompt and quick, if his candidate is elected, read the greatest campaign document of this presidential year, Winston Churchill's "Mr. Crewe's Career," a work that is so photographically true to the work and workers now seething around us that the reader forgets all about its literary and artistic value. He reads it not as a work of fiction but as a chapter from actual life, as it is based on the practical experience of the author who, as you will remember, ran for Governor in the state of New Hampshire, whose morals are supposed to be as lofty as its hills, as pure as its atmosphere.

The Independent who feels the weight of these questions finds it hard to use his ballot in the work of promoting a Secretary of War to the presidency of the United States, to even seem to put the seal of approval on that great indignity to democracy, the unkindest cut ever given by friend or foe to the United States of America, the introducing into its vocabulary the foreign words which belong only to the speech of aristocratic and monarchical governments—the words "Possessions," "Conquests," "Invasions." It is in vain that to such an individual you urge the argument that the Filipinos are better off than they were; that the islands of the Pacific have been advanced. The fundamental indignity was to the United States itself. The cannon fired at the Malay in the Pacific ocean staggered and stunned the white man who fired it in its deadly recoil.

On the other hand, it is equally hard for an independent voter to vote for a man who, however specious his claim for brotherhood may be, cultivates unchallenged the political support of those who by high-handed demagogery have tampered with the Constitution, violating both the letter and the spirit of these high enactments that were written in the blood of the nation's brave, won by the awful sacrifices on both sides of the most terrible war known in history, the awful atrocities of which were relieved only by the high results obtained and the great issues that seemed to be solved as far as State enactments could solve them.

The true independent voter takes the war of 1861-65 seriously, and not until the black man with the necessary qualifications stands equal to his white brother before the law, as regal in the presence of the ballot box as the white man of like qualifications, not until then will the Negro Problem be a dead issue, and not until then can a President of the United States who evades this question or postpones its settlement be tolerated by the truly loyal.

Again, the logic of brotherhood demands that a great nation like ours should no more lurk behind the cowardly plea for "infant industries" and "protected capital." The world is too small, it has been belted too tightly by electric cables, nay, the air has become too communicative, ships fly too swiftly and too safely across the deep to justify any attempt to further fence in trade or prosperity within the narrow boundaries of any one state or kingdom in the federated world. Free trade need no longer be justified by economic arguments; it is not a question of business; it is a question of morals, a question of fraternity, a question of brotherhood, a question of religion, and both the great parties are facing it with a Pickwickian grin on their faces and with their sleeves full of mental reservations.

And again, the question of commercial dishonesty, the sins of corporate wealth, are inseparably connected with the questions of personal purity, social dissipation and the degradations which belong to the passions. Talk about the "dangerous combinations"! None are more potent economically than the combinations of the tobacco, the beer and the whisky trade, and their strength is augmented by the lust of the flesh, the deadly power of narcotics.

Far-reaching, hard common sense is asserting itself with wonderful clearness in this country today. Our imagination is utterly incapable of keeping pace with the rapid advancement of "dry" territories, particularly in the Mississippi valley, and this is due to no freak agitators, no emotional wave soon to recede; it has come about not through the exploitations of the

preacher or the appeal of the moralist even but through the clear judgment of the taxpayer and the unimpassioned verdict of science. The science of commerce as well as the science of physiology has put its ban upon it, and however great parties may ignore it the temperance question is a national issue today; it will not be downed and cannot be evaded. There is nothing for the representatives of this republic to do, from the policeman on his beat in the debauched wards of Chicago to the judge on the supreme bench, the lawmakers in Congress and the President of the United States, but to face this issue squarely and honorably; to take seriously to heart the significance of this movement.

IT IS A NATIONAL QUESTION, AND IN THE VISION OF GOD'S ANOINTED IT MAY BE THE PARAMOUNT ISSUE, THE SETTLING OF WHICH ALONE WILL SETTLE THE QUESTIONS OF CORRUPTION AND GRAFT, OF BOODLE AND ILLICIT EXPLOITATIONS OF WEALTH.

What, then, are the great issues which confront the voter in this presidential campaign? Most of them are those which overflow the platforms, overreach party lines, and rebuke party conceits and party enthusiasms. Then come the question of disarmament, the question of a Civil Service that will drive out with a whip of small cords all those who would desecrate the Civic Temple by self-seeking, the question of justice to the black man within our borders and to the yellow man beyond the outermost rim of our legitimate primacy, and the ever pressing question of woman's right to go with her brother man to the polling places and to cast her ballot in the interest of that government whose chief business it is, not to exploit war, not to draw the sword or fire the gun, but to administer the affairs of the larger family, how to take care of the dependent wards of the state.

Furthermore, the questions that press upon the voter in this campaign are questions of temperance, how to control and direct and utilize this mighty uprising of the moral sense, aye, questions of education, of the rights of labor, the cry of the overworked woman and the wail of the underfed, undertrained, uneducated child who today is undermining the next generation, robbing it of its vitality, in the mills, at the coal breakers, in the thousand and one modern industries, which, in fighting for their lives, are compelled to resort to the iniquities of child labor and woman employment, because only in so doing, they say, can they live.

In heaven's name, why should they live! God grant that this country may be smitten with that degree of hard times, that amount of non-prosperity, that will teach us, if in no other way, that life is of more importance than dollars, health more valuable than bank stock, and wholesome sleep and pure air for the workers more needed than commercial ascendancy for their employers.

In view of this complexity and these pressing questions, most of which are crowded out of the discussions in this campaign, we find an adequate explanation for the apathy that is complained of.

The political parties have shown their sagacity by recognizing the dumb but pressing ethical demand of the common people of the United States, and by wisely acceding to it in so far as to give them spotless men to carry the banner. But they have not yet read the handwriting on the wall which dooms the henchmen of the old régime, who still rally around those upright standard bearers, to defeat and obloquy.

The independent goes to the coming election sorely perplexed but sustained by the clear conviction that out of this seething caldron, this ferment of ideas, this clamor for something new and something better, the great issues are to be beaten clear, new lines are to be drawn, new inspirations are to come. It is the misfortune of the hour that the call to independency has not been sounded by unsullied lips and the banner of the independent is offered him by a tainted hand.

The American people await the coming of some political Galahad whose strength will be "as the strength of ten, because his heart is pure." Meanwhile let no voter be intimidated by the base argument of "throwing away" his vote when he votes for an ideal. Says Debs, "If there were any chance of my election I would not run." Happy is the man in this coming election who can lay hold of a principle with such clearness that he can proudly deposit his ballot for a principle, who has a cause he loves so dearly that it is a privilege to be in the minority, if need be; who feels no responsibility to any party or name, because he has received his orders from within and is going to fight for what he deems to be the long issues of God, the far-reaching justice to humanity.

"The Philosophy of Loyalty" is one of the latest contributions to the literature of philosophy. The "loyalty to loyalty," according to Professor Royce, is the supreme demand of philosophy, as it is the highest inspiration of religion, and is coming soon to be regarded as the demand of the ballot box, the highest exercise of the right of suffrage.

Rev. C. W. Wendte, the editor of the well known Sunday-school song books "Sunnyside" and "The Carol," has in press a new work, "Heart and Voice," which will be published forthwith. It contains 210 tunes and about 300 hymns. About one-third of these will be new to our liberal schools. Contributions of poetry and music have been made by well known poets and composers at home and abroad. The services will cover a variety of occasions in the life of a Sunday-school. The publishers are the Geo. H. Ellis Company, of Boston, which assures a book handsome in appearance.

Chinese Proverbs

No child thinks its own mother ugly.
Some study shows the need for more.
Great truths can not penetrate rustic ears.
The highest towers begin from the ground.
A stupid son is better than a clever daughter.
Free-sitters at the play always grumble most.
Every man gives a shove to the tumbling wall.
A day of sorrow is longer than a month of joy.
Medicine cures the man who is not fated to die.
One man makes a road, and another walks on it.
A man thinks he knows, but a woman knows better.

If Fortune smiles, who doesn't; if Fortune doesn't, who does?

With money you can move the gods; without it you cannot move a man.

No image maker worships the gods; he knows what they are made of.

The faults which a man condemns when out of office he commits when in.

If you suspect a man, don't employ him; if you employ him, don't suspect him.

Happy is he who fights with himself; wretched is he who contends with others.—*Exchange.*

THE HOME

(Contributions for this department should be sent to Mrs. William Kent, Kentfield, Marin Co., California.)

Christian Science*

Whatever has to do with the influence of religion upon health will win attention. The author of this book, the rector of St. John's Church, Northampton, Mass., is already well known through his researches in this field. He has devoted himself with enthusiasm and success to the work of healing as conducted in Emmanuel church under Drs. Worcester and McComb, and therefore writes not merely as an objecting critic but as one who, while recognizing the good features of the Christian movement, desires to save society from what he regards as error.

"My purpose, as the reader will discover, has been to write a book in which the average man who is outside of Christian Science can find the things he wants to know about its theory and practice."

The eight chapters of the book discuss the relation of Christian Science to historic Christianity, Science and Health—the Bible of Christian Science, the source of its ideas, the character of Mrs. Eddy, Christian Science philosophy, theology, healing, and relation to marriage and the family. The author points out that the movement arose at an opportune moment and fastened upon a much-neglected aspect of religion, though not a new one. He credits Mrs. Eddy with an extraordinary degree of business shrewdness, but considers her to be selfish, unscrupulous and designing to the last degree. He charges her with having borrowed her "system" practically entire from Dr. Quimby, and supports the charge with abundant citations from the writings of each. He calls attention again to the absolutism of Mrs. Eddy, to her egregious vanity, and to the vast fortune she has piled up from the sale of her publications.

Mrs. Eddy's philosophy he identifies as "a distinctive form of idealism," familiar enough through such exponents as Democritus, Plato, Bishop Berkeley, Spinoza, Lotze and the Transcendentalists, none of whom, however, "ever dreamed of doing what Mrs. Eddy has accomplished in a single generation, making the philosophy of idealism in the minds of thousands a revelation handed down from heaven at a definite time and place, and the basis of a new and startling faith."

Its religious value he admits to be that claimed by Mr. Farnsworth, as that of "a religio-philosophical system appearing amidst an unphilosophical people of materialistic tendencies," and adds, "Christian Science does save many from their lower self. It does lead many to a larger faith in God and a closer walk with him. It does impart to many a power and poise, serenity and joy they might have found before if they had sought them diligently in the church of their upbringing."

Mr. Powell examines the claims of Christian Science as a mode of healing and points out that the whole movement, in this particular, rests solely upon the principle of suggestion, and is successful in so far, and only so far as this principle ever has therapeutic value, namely in disorders of a functional nature.

The gravest defect of Christian Science, the author affirms, is that it is "in essence ascetic." While "some families have been blessed by the conversion of their members to Christian Science," and "many a husband has been reclaimed from dissipation, many a wife from frivolity, by the call of the spiritual which in spite of all its error does echo from *Science and Health,* still the Founder 'longs for a day when marriage shall have passed away.' "

It is not possible, in a few paragraphs, to give an adequate idea of the large amount of information which the author has painstakingly gathered from many sources. As he says in the preface regarding the articles of Georgine Milmine in *McClure's,* "I have taken the pains to verify her statements by correspondence or by interviews with those concerned. For this purpose alone I have traveled more than twenty-five hundred miles and am glad to be able to testify to the singular accuracy of the articles and the thoroughness with which they have been prepared." The extensive bibliography and abundant notes and references scattered throughout the volume testify to similar care. But it is to be regretted that the author could not have been content with the simple presentation of this material, so carefully gathered, without depreciating its value, to the mind of the candid reader, by an intensely hostile and, what may seem to many, a prejudiced attitude. In this respect the book falls decidedly below the standard set by the book published in connection with the Emmanuel movement.

C. A. O.

* *Christian Science, The Faith and Its Founder;* by Lyman P. Powell; G. P. Putnam's Sons, N. Y. Pp. xviii, 261.

The Law

The sun may be clouded, yet ever the sun
Will sweep on its course till the cycle is run,
And when into chaos the systems are hurled,
Again shall the Builder reshape a new world.

Your path may be clouded, uncertain your goal;
Move on, for the orbit is fixed for your soul.
And though it may lead into darkness of night,
The torch of the Builder shall give it new light.

You were, and you will be; know this while you are;
Your spirit has traveled both long and afar.
It came from the Source, to the Source it returns;
The spark that was lighted eternally burns.

It slept in the jewel, it leaped in the wave;
It roamed in the forest, it rose from the grave;
It took on strange garbs for long eons of years,
And now in the soul of yourself it appears.

From body to body your spirit speeds on;
It seeks a new form when the old one is gone;
And the form that it finds is the fabric you wrought
On the loom of the mind with the fiber of thought.

As dew is drawn upward, in rain to descend,
Your thoughts drift away and in destiny blend.
You can not escape them; or petty, or great,
Or evil, or noble, they fashion your fate.

Somewhere on some planet, sometime and somehow
Your life will reflect all the thoughts of your now.
The law is unerring; no blood can atone;
The structure you rear you must live in alone.

From cycle to cycle, through time and through space,
Your lives with your longings will ever keep pace.
And all that you ask for, and all you desire,
Must come at your bidding, as flames out of fire.

You are your own devil, you are your own God,
You fashioned the paths that your footsteps have trod.
And no one can save you from error or sin
Until you shall hark to the spirit within.

Once list to that voice and all tumult is done;
Your life is the life of the Infinite One.
In the hurrying race you are conscious of pause,
With love for the purpose and love for the cause.

—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

Foreign Notes

THE RIGHT TO THE CHURCH.—It was with natural gratification that I received, recently, from Mr. L. Ferrière the expression of his pleased approval of my rendering of his views on the religious situation and prospects in Geneva as published in *L'Avant-garde* some months ago. This message, transmitted by a mutual friend, was accompanied by the request that I would take up a subsequent and more optimistic article, which appeared in the same French paper for June 15. I do so the more gladly as only unfavorable conditions had delayed until now the attempt to condense this article, which limitations of space forbid me to reproduce entire.

Is Geneva, the old city of the Reformation, going to serve as the laboratory for the working out of a new religious experiment: individual and civic religion, or a church without a creed yet free and independent of the state? As I have more than once had occasion to remark, our Helvetian democracies do not offer very favorable soil for the culture of Christian socialism; nevertheless they seem to be essaying, though somewhat doubtfully as yet, an especially social form of Christianity, to which so far as I know, there is nothing analogous elsewhere.

I would define it in a word as racial Christianity, having as its sole confession of faith the right to the church.

Has this Christianity a future? Is it desirable that it should have? The old national church of Geneva, whose death warrant was signed June 30, 1907, was justly considered, after the revolution of 1846 had given it a democratic, nonconfessional basis, as not being a church in the Christian sense of that word. Will the church which our nationalists would like to organize be worth more or even less than its mother? Time will show. This expression, a right to the church, will astonish abroad as it in Geneva shocks evangelical Christians. Yet there should be an effort to understand it; let us try.

We recognize first, then, that the nationalist Protestants, those who voted against the separation, are divided. Some, as I pointed out in a previous letter, would refer the whole matter again to popular vote, claiming that last year's vote was a surprise and that the transfer of three or four hundred votes would be enough to reverse the decision, and declaring that a large majority of the Protestants voted against the law. Others, and these are the larger number, seem to accept the popular verdict without reserve and are merely trying to secure reorganization on a basis similar to that of the old church by substituting for the former state tie a constitution identifying as fully as possible the citizen with the church-member.

It is difficult, perhaps, for a stranger to conceive the state of mind back of this paradoxical claim, yet this phrase, a right to the church, has been uttered and is in a fair way to become a watchword. Probably those who utter it fail to perceive its scope and profound significance. They are actuated by a love of Genevan Protestant traditions coupled with a complete indifference and even an undisguised hostility towards "positive Christianity," that which expresses itself in confessions of faith and is, in their eyes, characterized by a sectarian spirit. But this is not from any hostility to religion, rather it is in the name of religion, but of religion united to country.

All over the world the struggle is going on between the church and the modern spirit, the former trying to retain its old authority, and to rejuvenate its methods of activity and its influence over a generation that is escaping it; the latter replying to the church and to the churches: Attend to your own affairs and leave us in peace.

In Geneva, on the contrary, at the present time it is the church which is trying to recover and defend itself, and to put up protecting fences, and it is to the positive believers, to those who understand by church what has been always and everywhere else been the conception, that the nationalist spirit cries: In the church I am master and I intend to claim my rights of ownership.

Every attempt to organize the church on the basis of a confession of faith seems to the nationalist an attack upon his right of membership, a theft of his most sacred moral patrimony, and he would rather, with his own hands, destroy the old institution than let it be monopolized by the "momiers," as the warrior kills his horse rather than let it fall into the hands of the enemy.

Let the people once believe, rightly or wrongly, that the formula for church membership submitted to them for subscription conceals a confessional tentative and a very large number of the former electors of the church will refuse all inscription on its registers. This is what a number of the evangelicals secretly wish. They would like to get rid of the "dead wood," as they call it, but in that case the national church will cease to be national in anything but name; it will simply be one chapel among others, and having lost its prestige with the nation will be in great danger of losing at the same time its moral and religious influence.

It is probable, however, that the partisans of the "right to the church" will make some concessions for the sake of preserving the patriotic basis of the old institution, as the evangelicals have already made some for the preservation of its religious character. It is, in fact, not merely a matter of ideas, but also of moral interests and of strong and deep heart ties. The old Genevois, particularly of the middle class, is accustomed to find in the pastor of his quarter a friend and helper, whenever he has need of him, but on the other hand he is proud and suspicious in the matter of religion, and his moral dignity would lead him to refuse the services of the man of religion, even the baptism and confirmation of his children, or the nuptial benediction, rather than accept these sacraments as "charity" from the hand of a clergyman who was no longer a representative of *everybody's church*.

Then there are not only the ties of affection binding him to the minister of his quarter or his commune, there are the concrete symbols of the past, particularly the cathedral of St. Peter, speaking image of the Fatherland, the edifice which is to Geneva what the capitol was to Rome, the Parthenon to Athens, the century old and living witness to the union of Fatherland and religion. It is easy to foresee that the patriot Protestant will blindly oppose any constitution in which he does not find himself at home, and if, on looking up to the tower of St. Peter, which from the summit of the hill dominates the country and protects the city, he can no longer say "*our* St. Peter" without having first connected himself with a confessional church which he hates, that will curdle his very blood, if I may use so homely an expression. M. E. H.

(To be continued.)

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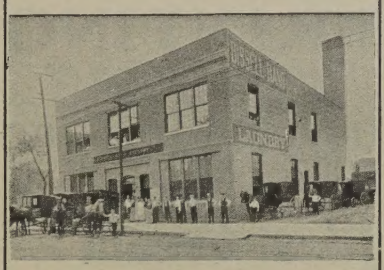

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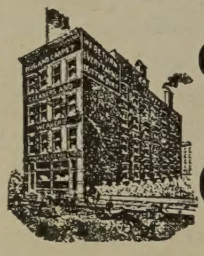

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